

THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

VOL. LX.

SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., OCTOBER 13, 1910.

No. 41

ALL THE WAY.

When you come to a wearisome bit of the road,
Where the stones are thick and the path is steep,
And the back is bowed with the heft of the load,
As the narrowing way is hard to keep,
Don't stop just then for a wasteful sigh,
But challenge the worst with steadfast cheer;
If nowhere else, there is help on high—
Go on with never a doubt or fear.

When you reach a lonesome bit of the road,
Curtained about with mist and murk,
And you hear faint sounds from the dread above,
Where shivering, grim hobgoblins lurk,
Just laugh to scorn the'r doleful cries—
This is the place to whistle and sing;
Brush the fog from your fearless eyes,
And close to the faith of your fathers cling.

When you stand at a sorrowful bit of the road,
And a hand you loved has loosed its clasp;
When streams are dry that in sweetness flowed,
And flowers drop from your listless grasp;
E'en now take heart, for further on,
There are hope and joy and the dawn of day.
You shall find again what you thought was gone;
'T's the merry heart goes all the way.

—Margaret Sangster.

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price \$1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. FERRIER.....Editor
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CONGREGATIONAL STRONGHOLDS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

In membership Los Angeles leads among the Pacific Coast cities, having an enrollment according to the statistics given in the Year-Book for 1910, of 3,988. The churches number 17.

Seattle stands next to Los Angeles, the 19 Congregational Churches in that city having 3,230 members.

Oakland stands third on the list, the 11 churches in that city having 3,018 members.

Next is Portland with 8 churches and a membership of 2,059.

Spokane follows Portland with 7 churches and a membership of 1,987.

San Francisco comes next with 14 churches and a membership of 1,804.

Pasadena has four churches and a total membership of 2,059.

Berkeley has three with a membership aggregating 1,065.

Tacoma has six churches and a membership of 788.

In Los Angeles the Congregational Church having the largest membership is the First, the number being the first of this year 1,980.

The First, of Oakland, enrolled at that time 1,713; Plymouth, of Seattle, 1,181; the First of Portland, 935; the Westminster, of Spokane, 860; the First, of San Francisco, 633; the First, of Tacoma, 559. The First of Berkeley has 574 members. The North follows with 311.

In all of the cities there is quite a difference between the membership of the leading church and that of the others. Seattle has the largest second church of any of these cities. It is Pilgrim, with 455 members. University stands next with 329, followed by Edgewater, with 268.

In Los Angeles the First Church is more than six times larger than any other. The one standing next to the First being Vernon, with 304 members. Pico Heights has 296. The next is the East with 224 members.

In Oakland next to the First stands the Fourth with 244 members. Pilgrim follows with 222, Plymouth with 202, and Fruitvale with 179.

In Portland the Sunnyside Church is second with 267 members. Ebenezer third with 260. Hassalo fourth with 170 members.

In Spokane, Plymouth stands second with 348; the Swedish third with 314; Pilgrim fourth with 268.

In San Francisco the Mission Church is second with 230 members; Plymouth third with 211; Bethany fourth with 147.

In San Francisco and the other bay cities is still found the center of Pacific Coast Congregationalism. Here is the location of Pacific Theological Seminary; here is published the Pacific and here such national societies as have but one Pacific Coast representative have their Coast district headquarters. These are the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, The Church Building Society and The American Missionary Association.

It is interesting to note that in point of church membership the Bay cities are only about eleven hundred in advance of Los Angeles and Pasadena combined. The membership in San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda aggregates 6,167; for Los Angeles and Pasadena the total is 5,063.

The Southern California Conference is not far behind the Northern in membership, the figures being 12,579 and 14,363 respectively.

The Washington churches had a total membership the first of the year of 12,499. Those of Oregon 4,932.

In the value of church property Seattle leads the Coast cities. Plymouth Church property is valued at \$350,000. The value is largely in the lot which may be sold to the United States Government ere many years for a half-million dollars, it being in the block on which is situate the Government building, soon to be inadequate for such a city as Seattle.

The property of the University Congregational Church of Seattle is valued at \$55,000, and that of Pilgrim Church is put at the same figure. Several other churches have property worth \$10,000. The total value for Seattle is \$528,300.

Oakland stands next to Seattle in the value of church property. That of the First Congregational is estimated at \$400,000. Business has coveted the site for some time. Market Street property was sold a few weeks ago for \$26,000, the church retaining the furniture and heating apparatus. The Fourth Church property is put at \$21,400, and that of Pilgrim at \$15,000. Plymouth's figure is also \$15,000. Estimating the property of the First Congregational Church of Oakland at \$400,000, the total for Oakland is \$527,400.

The First Church property in Los Angeles is estimated at \$140,000. Next stands Plymouth at \$25,000. Messiah and Salem \$17,000 each; Olivet, \$15,000; Park, \$12,500. Pico Heights, \$14,000; Vernon and East, \$10,000 each. The total for Los Angeles is \$294,000.

Portland's First Church property, a handsome stone building, is valued at \$150,000. That of Hassalo, \$21,000; Pilgrim, \$17,000; Sunnyside, \$10,000. Total for Portland is \$215,000.

For current expenses and in benevolences the First Church of Oakland is credited with \$43,800 for the year 1909. The sum total for benevolences was \$22,668. Of this amount \$14,244 went to the Congregational national societies. Home expenses were \$21,142.

The First Congregational Church of Los Angeles reported for 1909 benevolences to the amount of \$21,311; home expenses, \$14,703. A total of \$36,014. Of the amount for benevolences \$17,666 went to the Congregational benevolent societies.

The Los Angeles church led in the amount of contributions to the American Board, contributing thereto \$8,575.

In Home Missionary contributions the First Congregational Church of Oakland led the California churches

with \$5,148. The home mission contributions by the Los Angeles Church were \$3,355.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco stands credited with the sum of \$38,765 for home expenses and benevolences; \$10,946 for the former and \$27,819 for the latter. Of the amount for benevolences, \$19,711 went to other work than that of the Congregational benevolent societies.

Plymouth Church, Seattle, reports \$51,115 for home expenses and benevolences; \$17,375 for the former, \$33,740 for the latter. Of the amount for benevolences \$22,040 went to organizations other than the Congregational societies. For home missions went \$7,090; for foreign, \$2,625.

Pilgrim Church, Seattle, also stands well for contributions. The figures for 1909 were \$17,435 in benevolences and \$10,562 for home expenses. Of the benevolences, \$4,854 went to other than the denominational work. Pilgrim's contribution to home missionary work was \$8,222; for foreign, \$2,532.

The First Church of Portland expended for home expenses, \$11,280; for benevolences, \$7,611, all of which except \$121 was to the Congregational work.

A MOVEMENT FOR A MUNICIPAL CHURCH.

The Municipal Church plan, of which Dr. Washington Gladden wrote recently in the Century Magazine, is about to be tried at Columbus, Ohio. Recently seven ministers in that city, Dr. Gladden being of the number, outlined in a pamphlet addressed to all the ministers of the city, and to others, an organization to be known as "The General Council of the Churches and Religious Societies of Columbus." The statements are in part as follows:

As to the object of the organization it is said:

"To unite all the Churches and religious societies of the city in philanthropic and welfare work; to co-operate with and support all wise and worthy voluntary associations and institutions whose purposes are philanthropic, and to secure the co-ordination of such as may be usefully brought together; to furnish a means of communication between the Churches and the public charitable and correctional institutions; to study the social and industrial conditions of the city with a view to remedying the evils of poverty, sickness, vice and crime, and removing the causes thereof; to keep the Churches and the community informed with respect to social conditions and needs, and to guide and invigorate public opinion in dealing with them."

The members of the organization are not to be required to subscribe to any creed or confession of faith. The motto of the council is to be, "The union of all who love in the service of all who suffer." Any Church or religious society in Columbus may become affiliated with the council by accepting the constitution and electing its minister or ministers, with two lay delegates, to represent it. It is recommended that one of the lay delegates be a man and one a woman. It is expected that the delegates to the council will report monthly to the Churches or societies they represent, keeping them fully informed respecting the work of the council and the social conditions and needs brought to light in its investigations.

The Executive Committee of the council is authorized to appoint committees upon all the organizations, institutions, and interests, public or private, which come within the purview of the council, including the following: The City Prison; County Jail; Work House; Franklin County Children's Home; Juvenile Court and Detention Home; Infirmary; Home for the Aged; Children's Hospital; Asso-

ciated Charities; Female Benevolent Society; Home for the Friendless; Day Nursery; Diet Kitchen; Kindergarten Association; District Nursing Association; Playground Association; School Extension Society; Godman Guild; West Side Social Center; Tuberculosis Society; Crittenton House; State Penitentiary; other State Institutions; Housing and Sanitation; The Social Evil; Substitutes for the Saloon; Industrial Peace; the Unemployed; Child Labor; the Immigrant.

It is said further: "It will be observed that the purpose of the organization is to unite all the Churches and religious societies of the city for the study and promotion of philanthropic welfare work. It assumes that this is the one great interest which they have in common and in which they may be hopefully asked to unite. It does not, however, propose any new organizations for charitable work; it only proposes to get the Churches together that they may study together the interests that they have in common; that they may become better acquainted with what is being done by public and private agencies; and may thus be able to co-operate with such agencies more intelligently and efficiently; and that they may be better informed respecting the social conditions and needs of the city. Its object is not to encroach upon the work of any charitable agency now in the field or to find fault with it, but to bring the Churches into closer and more helpful relations with all these agencies. It is believed that by such a comprehensive and continuous study of social conditions the Churches will learn much that they do not now know, and that they greatly need to know respecting their neediest neighbors. To gain such knowledge the Churches need to act together. It is not possible for any single Church to do the kind of work which this plan outlines. Moreover, it is to be hoped that the sharing of this knowledge will enable the united Churches to influence public opinion with regard to the evils which need to be remedied or reforms which need to be promoted, as single Churches could not do. It has been suggested that the Ministers' Council might do this work. To this it may be answered that the co-operation of the laity, and especially of the women, of the Churches is greatly to be desired. Such an organization will have far more influence if it represents the Churches and not merely the ministers. The simple question is whether the Churches of the city are willing to unite in such an earnest attempt to make themselves better acquainted with the needy and the unfortunate of the community, and to take counsel together for the improvement of their conditions."

This movement at Columbus will be watched with interest all over the country, and if the experiment should prove a success, as we hope it will, such organizations will spring up everywhere.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WAYSIDE STORY.

William Norris Burr.

From our summer camp in a little valley between the towering Sierra Madre mountains and the low-lying Verdugo hills we looked out upon a scene of loveliness that has thus far been spread chiefly for a small community of resolute white ranchers and irresolute drowsy "Mexicans." I give these latter the benefit of quotation marks to indicate that the term is a general one applied here to a mixed race that runs from almost pure Castilian and almost pure Indian through all possible grades of miscegenation. Just how much Indian and just how much Spanish blood the in-

dividual Southern California "Mexican" may have in him is a problem for the ethnologist to tackle, who may have nothing else to do. The rest of us are quite inclined to lump all these dark-skinned, Spanish-speaking people under the general term, except as intelligence and comparative thrift reveal the dominant Castilian blood.

The history of the valley tingles with the tales of "bad Mexicans," and some desperadoes of another color, who have engaged in sanguinary quarrels over cards, or sought these mountain fastnesses in days of yore for safety. But my story today will not be a border tale of bloodshed, but of broken hopes and patient endurance.

One morning we went to a rude little frame house, one of the valley homes, to purchase provisions, attracted by a number of crude board-and-chalk signs out by the roadside advertising "honey for sale," "olives for sale," "fresh fruit for sale here." We were met by an old Frenchman, who proved to be the owner of the ranch. He had but one eye, but the shadow of a perpetual smile had worn its way into his face, as if to make up for the loss of the eye that was sightless and closed. He seemed hungry to talk; and while his faded little wisp of a wife went for the supplies we had asked for, we looked into his maimed and weather-beaten face and allowed the old man to talk his fill.

"We've lived up here for twenty-three years," he said, picking his words carefully, and speaking with a pleasing foreign accent. "We came here from Illinois for my wife's health, and the change has certainly prolonged her life. She is all worn out now caring for our son, but she has been pretty strong since we came to California until recently. Our son has been sick now for fifteen months, and he is a great care. Not always as considerate as he ought to be, but that is on account of his sickness.

"He had trouble, and brooding over it brought on nervous prostration. My wife thinks he is a little better than he was, but I don't think so. He does queer things all the time.

"He was very smart in a business way, quick to find business and shrewd in dealing with men; but a pretended inventor got the better of him, and the disappointment was so great that the boy has collapsed completely. He had saved enough to set up housekeeping for himself, and he was engaged to a nice girl, and the future seemed all fair for him; but his days and nights are all gloomy now.

"He and his twin brother became greatly interested in a project by which a man who claimed to be the inventor of the process proposed to make alcohol, wood alcohol for mechanical purposes, out of crude oil. They formed a stock company and my son took a very large number of shares. And they sold the shares to a great many people, mostly to working people, some of whom would take but a few shares at a dollar a share, and some would take as many as one hundred and more. The inventor managed to get the company to employ him in the office at a salary of one hundred dollars a month, and he had to have his aunt there, too, as his secretary at sixty dollars a month; and all the while he was working at his process of turning crude oil into wood alcohol, which he had not yet perfected. At one time he seemed to have accomplished his end. He called in a number of people to witness his success one day, and he put crude oil into a certain tank and run it through processes of heating, etc., and from a discharge-tube came forth wood alcohol, sure enough. But he never did it but once. Very soon some portion of the machinery was found to be defective, and they had to send to Germany for the necessary part, and it came all right, clear from Germany; but somehow that process of making wood

alcohol from crude oil would fail every time in spite of all that could be done; and finally my sons woke up to the fact that they had been duped.

"The disappointment seemed to turn Henry's mind into a mess of weakness. He almost lost all hold on himself. But instead of going raving crazy he is just weak and selfish and brooding, and constantly making trouble for his mother. I sometimes find myself almost wishing that he were quite beside himself and violent, that we might place him in an asylum. Awful as that would be, I am not sure that it would be any more than for him to be as he is.

"At first his girl's people took him to their home, where they hoped to help him out of his melancholy; but they did not succeed. Then we brought him up here where the mountains are so grand, and the air so pure, and where his mother had taken on new life after her break-down years ago; and the girl came here, too, and tried to help us to nurse him back to health, but he got no better, and she went back to her father's home, and we are doing the best we can with the boy here by ourselves.

"Our hardest time is at night. He will not let anyone but his mother do a thing for him, and he almost wears her out getting him to bed. He is never suited with the way the bed is made. He must have every line of the bedding running just so, and he will tear that bed to pieces and will make it up over and over again, until he gets it so he thinks he can sleep in it. While that is going on his mother sometimes lies down on a couch and dozes off to sleep for a few minutes, she gets so weary. Then after he lies down he will toss and toss and toss, and every once in a while call to his mother because of some little noise that he fancies disturbs him. We have been obliged to stop the old clock and hide it, the ticking seemed to distress him so. I thought I must have a clock to give me the time of day, so I bought a cheap little nickel one that did not tick very loud. But it has an alarm attachment, and he found it out and he almost went frantic over it for fear it would go off some time in the night. I have promised him that the alarm shall not be wound, but he will not take my word for that, and he watches that clock as a cat watches a gopher hole.

"In the mornings he will not get up until eleven or twelve o'clock because he is unable to rest during the night. And when he does get up he makes trouble. He has his own towels, and they must be prepared for him just so. He will get a little cup of water and dab a corner of his towel in it, and wash and wash his eyes. Then he will wash his face all over in little dabs in the same way. Sometimes he will take more than half an hour just to wash his eyes and face. He has no idea of time. Then he will spend another half hour washing his hands, putting them through a dozen different washings and rinsings, sometimes with hot water and sometimes with cold water. And so he keeps his mother waiting on him most of the time."

When the old man was in the midst of this story the worn little Frenchwoman brought in our supplies, and as we paid for them, interrupting the story a moment, he said to his wife kindly: "Now, Marie, you go lie down and rest yourself while you can." The forenoon was scarcely half gone.

He followed us to the door and out to the road, his hunger to talk still unappeased.

"Henry at first seemed broken-hearted because of the losses of all the people he had beguiled into buying stock in that fake enterprise. He thought then of others even more than of himself and his own losses. But now he seems to have become utterly selfish and thinks of no one's com-

fort but his own; and he is never comfortable. I wish I could take more from his mother's shoulders, but I seem only to make matters worse when I attempt it. I haven't her patience, I am very positive, and I lose control of myself and fall to scolding the boy, and that makes more trouble right away.

"The next time you come I want to talk with you about the erroneous views of a certain religious sect that has lately been working through this valley. I have very plainly told some of them that they are not clear on the Word. I once worshipped with the Plymouth Brethren, but I found after a time they were wrong, so I left them. Then I became a member of the Christian Alliance, and because there was no one better suited to it I was made the chairman of their meeting. But after a while I found they did not accomplish all they professed to do through the medium of prayer, and one day I courteously but firmly said good-bye to them. They are good people, but they make mistakes through their interpretation of the Word."

A bit of humble day after day tragedy tucked away in a quiet little valley on which nature has lavished some of her choicest furnishings. The mountains look down upon it as if to protect it from public gaze; great live oaks spread their friendly shade about it; little wild birds sing rapturous songs as if to drown its sadness in a flood of melody; and myriads of wild flowers look up and smile into its face their messages of good cheer—but day after day the pall of human weakness and distress settles down upon that home in the midst, that center of human sensibilities!

Los Angeles, Cal., R. F. D. 13.

THE CHURCH AND THE NEW RURAL MOVEMENT

Rev. R. B. Cherington.

The history of the social development of our country for the past hundred years records three different periods of growth.

The first period was the age of rural life, when the country was new and the frontier was large, and men were ever pushing westward. Land was to be had for the asking, and men came from beyond the seas, as well as from the towns in our own country to possess it. Not only the wealth of our nation, but the greatest part of the population was found in the rural communities. The United States was designated among the nations of the earth as an agricultural nation. We were the granary of the world, and to us the peoples of all lands look for their supplies of foodstuffs.

This position we held till about fifty years ago, when there came a change in our development. The discovery of the great coal fields, and iron beds, the sinking of oil wells, the development of the waterways, the improvement of the railroad locomotive, the invention of the telegraph, and the perfecting of the printing press; drew the population to center in the towns. These towns grew to become cities. Manufacturing industries in many quarters of our land supplanted the farming industries, and there was ushered in the second period in our social development, the age of the city life. Since 1850 there has been a steady decline in the rural population. In New York, Prof. Baily, of Cornell University, tells us, the people have gradually left the farms, until in 1900 there were over twenty counties in the State comprising two-thirds of its area, with a population less than was to be found in 1850.

In New England whole townships were deserted, and

a few years ago in the State of New Hampshire six townships were sold off at auction in one piece and have again become a great wilderness; because the people had left the farm for the city.

We are all familiar with the cry that the country church in New England was falling into decay, not because as an institution it was failing to do its work, but because the people had turned away from rural life, and thus have left the church deserted. Statistics might be hurled at you, for you to forget as soon as quoted, showing how the whole of our social life was undergoing great changes. Financial reports with figures of six and nine digits might make up tables that would be hard for you to grasp, showing how the wealth of our land in a few short years was transferred from Reuben's pockets to Banker Morgan's. But in the last ten years there has come about a new condition of affairs and the tide is setting again toward the country. This can be attributed to a number of causes, which might be mentioned. The development of better farm machinery, the coming of the chilled steel modern plow has alone worked a great transformation; the great improvement of farm stock and selection of seeds and development of finer grades of fruits and grains; the scientific farming of the present day has not only produced better crops but has reduced the price production of these crops from 8 to 26 per cent. This has caused the value of farm land which ten years ago was called the abandoned farm, because the soil was worn out, to increase from 10 to 25 per cent. in value. This has opened a new field of industry for men of brains to enter, and to-day the farming business is taking its place among the professions. The daily life of the farmer is made much more agreeable by the many modern inventions. The development of electric power, the extension of the interurban electric roads, into the country districts, the founding of the free rural mail delivery, the farmers telephone, and the invention of the automobile, all have contributed to making Reuben and Ward McAllister next door neighbors. Such a crude instrument as the phonograph has made its contribution to the change. For while Caruso may sound as tho he were singing in the cellar of a foundry and troubled with a slight cold in his head, he nevertheless has given to the people a desire for better things. All this has knit together the people of the world into one great neighborhood. Parisian canned opera is served on the disc in the miners cabin; the latest divorce news from Newport is read by the young housewife the next day on the farm in Arkansas; Theodore Roosevelt has his tilt with the Regular Republicans in New York to-day, and before night partisans are fighting the quarrel out at Gray's Harbor, Washington. People are returning to the farms and the rural population is increasing. Therefore, the New Rural movement in our land which constitutes a third period in our social development.

What effect will these changes have upon the rural church? What kind of ministers will the country church demand? What kind of congregations will fill the church on the hill? What kind of work will be required from the modern country church? These are some of the questions that are facing us for solution.

In the first place, the rural church will come again into its own former exalted position of a hundred years ago, though to face a very different set of problems. The parish of the country church will very closely resemble the sister parish of the city, in culture and refinement. Farming having become one of the leading professions of the

country it has attracted a most intelligent class of people back to the farm, and with the modern methods in farming there is a new wealth gathered from the soil. Those who were heretofore on the farms, through the means that have been given into their hands, with the great leisure time which is theirs during the year, have acquired a culture and refinement which more than meets that of the urban life. The members of the pew will be thinking people, whose intelligence will be equal to any in all modern thought, and they will, indeed are, abreast of the times in modern thought. The demands for good music and preaching of high order will be as great, if not greater than the demands of the city church of like strength. Reuben will not tolerate the nasal strung quartet of other days singing "Leslies or Excell's Select Anthems." The wheezy old organ will be relegated to the primary classroom and the small pipe-organ will take its place.

The minister will have to be bright and up to date in methods and preaching as well. His people will not tolerate sermon themes from the Homolitic Review, illustrated with Paxton Hood's death-bed stories, and commentary notes culled from Clark and Matthew Henry, and theology filtered through the sermons of Finney or Meyers or Moody.

If the minister does try to palm off such pabulum, Reuben will rise a half-hour earlier Sunday mornings, get into his automobile, and attend church in the neighboring city, 60 miles distant, where he can get food that will nourish him spiritually and esthetically as well. After all, the new changes in transportation have made over the idea of the neighborhood. It is no longer a term that describes a geographical location, rather it describes a group of congenial people who may live miles apart, both in the country and in the city. Men and women of like mind and like tastes, now find it possible to be neighbors in spite of distance. The minister in the country church must reckon with this feature of the rural problem. In other words, he must realize that he is to come into direct competition with the best that the city preacher can do. In fact, the country church as an institution is to be brought into competition with the city church in the matter of necessary equipment, and the demands that the people may make upon the preacher, but minus the same number of people to draw from and much less with which to do. In other words, the rural parson must be as fully equipped as his city brother, as to books, papers, and even church home, and must produce it all on the small salary that is his lot to receive. And when we stop to think, we must realize that the country preacher is isolated from the rest of the world, he has not the Monday Club of the city where he can attend and pour out his soul and find some comfort for his failure on the Sabbath's work by a little fellowship and exchange of experiences, he has not the lecture room and the large circle of kindred minds in fellow ministers where he can sharpen his intellect by rubbing up against other men, for while his parishioners have their automobiles which may bring them to the near-by city at any hour of the day, he has none. Yet this very isolation is his salvation, as well as the possible source of his undoing, in that he is thrown upon his own resources entirely. He must be a man by himself, he must create for himself in order to meet the demands that confront him as he stands alone.

As a man of affairs among men he has the opportunity to make himself felt in the community interests, he will be felt as a greater force in the community life, than were he to be numbered with the thousands of neighbors who strike elbows with the city minister. A great deal is said

in these days about the city church standing as the center for social life for mankind. Great as these possibilities are for the city church, I am convinced that the possibilities for the country church as an institution for social life are far greater, with broader fields of opportunity and without the overwhelming competition that the urban church must meet. The new rural church has within its keeping the opportunity to become the Y. M. C. A., the social center, the political forum, as well as the great moral and spiritual force among men.

In his book, "The State and the Farmer," Mr. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell, says of the opportunity of the rural church: "The country church is not accomplishing what it might for the rural communities. This is not due to lack of devoted service on the part of the country pastor, but to a need of redirection in the institution. Concerned in too many cases with technical religion, formal piety, small and empty social duties, the country church does not appeal strongly to men with rich red blood in their veins. The hardness of the dogma is the measure of the sterility. The trouble is that the rural church has no organic connection with the life of the community. It needs spiritualizing. It should express and encourage the natural inspiration that may be made to flow from the common affairs and practices of any agricultural community. Are not the plants growing and the animals thriving? Are not the crops going in and the harvests gathering? Are not the winds blowing and the rains falling? Are not these real things, that every person understands and that can be made the means of reaching every man who has them? Yet all these things are practically a sealed book to the church. The rural church buildings are essentially what they were fifty years ago—a preaching room and a vestibule. Why not make a country church a social center, letting it stand for good works in everything that interests the community, and placing it in some direct relation to vocation?"

The church is the oldest and completest of organizations. It is deepest in the affections of the greatest number of persons. We cannot afford the waste of effort that results from the decadence of the rural units. There is the urgent need that we utilize this institution for the quickening of country life, making such life worth the attention of educated young men, and developing its natural and legitimate social attractiveness. There is no greater field for service than in the country church. Young men should be prepared consciously for this service. A good part of the training should be in social questions in their rural phases. A course in a good agricultural college might supplement the training in the Theological Seminary. Religion should be native. It should be concrete and applicable. Religion is the natural expression of living, not a set of actions or of habits, or a posture of mind added to the daily life. The type of Religion, therefore, is conditioned on the kind of living, and the kind of living is conditioned in its turn very largely on the physical and economic effectiveness of life. The religion of the open country should run deep into the indigenous affairs of the open country. Everything with which men have to do, needs to be spiritualized. This is much more effective for our civilization than merely to spiritualize things that we hope for."

In a recent editorial in the Outlook, ex-President Roosevelt said in regard to Rural Life, and the various institutions that should minister to the farmers' welfare that "the country church should be made a true social center, alive to every need of the community, standing for a broad in-

dividual outlook and development, taking the lead in work and in recreation, caring more for conduct than for dogma, more for ethical, spiritual, practical betterment than for merely formal piety."

The National Commission on Country Life, which was appointed by President Roosevelt to investigate the conditions of rural life made much in its report of the opportunities that lay before the Country church. A great portion of that report was given over to pointing out the service that the church could render in ministering to the social needs of the farmer. Suggestions were offered that were the church to follow, would make new possibilities for church work. These suggestions might be summed up in the few words, **Let the Church become the Social Center of the Rural Life.** And yet in this great work it must be kept in mind that the mission of the church is not that of a great social club. The club is simply a means to an end.

Professor Rauschenbusch, in his recent lectures at the Pacific Theological Seminary, gave utterance to a word of warning that is timely for us all. He was urging that the church emphasize the call for Social Service, but said he, "We must remember that the mission of the church in this great work is not institutional, but inspirational; and, if the church must meet the demands of institutional work let her take up the work under protest, for it is bound to detract from her efficiency."

The rural church as a social center has the opportunity to reach out and minister to the moral and spiritual life of the country community. This is her mission. The purpose is the same as of old, but the channel through which she ministers is new.

To the country parson has come a rich possibility, the opportunity of doing **spiritual intensive farming.**

The field being small and the parishioners few, the labor of Rev. Barney Haymow is intensely personal. He has the opportunity to meet his boys face to face and live with them, he comes to know each young person in the church as a book, the strength and weakness of each and every individual he understands. What an opportunity to minister to the personal needs of the people. No need to preach in general terms, and to touch on spiritual upbuilding in a wholesale manner. To come in close relationship with the members of the parish and minister in the fullest sense of the word, to meet the needs of the people is the calling of the country parson. To mold the moral life of the growing generations is his, to stimulate the spiritual life of the saints, individually is his, and to grip every soul in the community by the personal touch is his. He will need all that the college can give him, he will need all that culture and refinement can do for him; he will have to use all the consecrated common sense that he can acquire, and all the spiritual power that he can receive by a close fellowship with the Divine.

Sunnyvale, Cal.

A NEW PASTOR AT HOOD RIVER, OREGON.

The Rev. Edward A. Harris, recently of Streator, Illinois, entered on the pastorate at Hood River, Oregon, on the 1st of October. Mr. Harris comes to the Pacific Coast with a record of successful pastorates in Iowa and Illinois. He is still in the prime of life, 38 years old, and comes now to co-operate in the Christian upbuilding of the Pacific Northwest.

The Hood River Church has increased the salary to the extent of \$700, has arranged for a fine choir and hopes ere long to build a new house of worship and a parsonage

with such facilities as will make it an up-to-date center of community activities. Pastor and people face the future with a large optimism.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA

Avalon.—Five persons were received into membership at the communion service the first Sunday in October.

Niles.—Nearly eight thousand dollars have been subscribed toward the proposed new Church building.

Campbell.—At the last communion service six persons united with the church, two of them teachers in the high school. At the next meeting the Men's Club consider the proposed amendment to the State constitution, to be voted on in November.

San Bernardino.—The San Bernardino Association of Ministers and Churches is booked to meet with the First Church, October 18th and 19th. Rev. R. S. Nickerson, of Rhonerville, spent Sunday, October 2, with his old San Bernardino friends, sharing in the services with the pastor, Rev. C. N. Queen.

San Francisco, First.—The Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters, a noted New York minister, has been engaged as pulpit supply for a few weeks, beginning next Sunday. Last Sunday the Rev. R. K. Ham, of the Mission Congregational Church, occupied the pulpit in the morning and the Rev. J. A. Cull, of the Richmond Church, in the evening.

Compton.—The church building has been renovated within and without this summer and a new organ and new pulpit furniture put in. The Rev. William Haresnape entered on the pastorate at Compton, in 1908. A brother minister writes "The Pacific," "Since I have been acquainted with him and his church, he has not had a communion service without several accessions."

Los Angeles, First Church.—After worshipping in the chapel since the second Sunday in August, the main room was occupied on October 2nd. The auditorium has been renovated with some changes and a new carpet. A new roof has been put on. Dr. Warren F. Day preached in the morning on "Public Worship." At the Twilight Communion 22 were added to the membership. Dr. William Horace Day, returning from Europe, stops over for the meetings in Boston.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The pulpit was occupied by Professor Bade, of Pacific Theological Seminary, on a recent Sunday, while the pastor was away preaching at Stanford University. Professor Bade's sermon on "Visions and Visionaries," was sane, scholarly, and interesting. Last Sunday twelve new members were received, two coming on confession of faith. This church is putting into operation a "block system by which the entire parish is divided into ten precincts, each in charge of a precinct captain. Under each precinct captain is a group of block workers. Each of these becomes responsible for getting acquainted with all the people on one block, inviting them to Plymouth Church and their children to Sunday School. This is an effort to meet city conditions with an ever-changing population and many new people moving in who are ignorant of even the existence of the church.

Eagle Rock.—Church is being reorganized with new con-

stitution, creed and name adopted last week. The new creed is the creed of the proposed United Brethren, Methodist Protestant and Congregational Churches. The new name, "The Church of the Good Shepherd Congregational." Seven new members, all adults, received last Sunday. The community is about to incorporate as a city of the sixth class. Work has been begun on Occidental College campus. Our new church is proving to be thoroughly desirable in every way. A. W. Hare is the minister. The life of our church in Eagle Rock is greatly enriched by the presence and helpfulness of Rev. J. S. Pitman, formerly superintendent of the United Brethren work in California; wise in counsel, ready always to enter into the work ably and enthusiastically. Mr. Pitman is a great comfort to the pastor, Mr. Hare. Now we are rejoicing in the coming of Rev. Martin Post, formerly pastor at Stockton and San Jose, latterly of Illinois. Mr. Post has built a beautiful home here and is already entering into our life helpfully. Last Sunday the three ministers were in our pulpit. Mr. Post offered the prayer and the pastor preached on "The Mind Which Was in Christ."

THE LEAGUE OF PILGRIM WORKERS.

A league has been organized in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, which has the following aims: To secure during a winter campaign at least fifty new church members, twenty-five new active members of the Christian Endeavor Society, an attendance of fifty at the prayer-meeting and an attendance of 250 at the Bible school. It will aim further to double the attendance at the Sunday evening service, the number of men at the services and the number of church members at all the services.

The League has as its motto: "Lord, what will thou have me to do?" The members of the League pledge themselves to help, both by prayer and personal service, in every way they can, to forward the campaign. There are pledge cards for this purpose. Service cards are also printed which are to be used in conveying information and suggestions to the minister, so that he can better do the work of a pastoral nature which falls to him to do.

Among the helps for workers in this campaign is a folder which we quote as follows:

"Our Ideals."

"Pilgrim Congregational Church stands for whatsoever things enrich the intellect, ennoble the heart, and train the conscience; and is against everything that impoverishes and degrades personality.

"It is a Brotherhood of all who love, serve, suffer and hope; and seeks to be the protector of the poor, the inspirer of the discouraged, the adviser of the perplexed, and the friend of the fallen.

"It believes heartily in the Fatherhood of God, the Lordship of Jesus, the continuous activity of the Holy Spirit, and the sovereignty of the Moral Ideal; and would make these great truths effective in our common life.

"It aims, in its Bible School, to familiarize children with the Bible, and guide them toward intelligent citizenship in the Kingdom of Christ; in its various Clubs, to develop clean athletics, wholesome social intercourse and manly Christian character; in its Christian Endeavor Society, to train young people in definite Christian work; and in its Public Worship, to quicken and nourish the spiritual life in the individual and the community, and to present sane, practical, lofty ideals of private and public conduct.

"Our Invitation."

"We ask you to consider these things. Is there any

valid reason why you should not give yourself and your working time to the realization of these ideals? We believe that you approve of them. Isolated effort can accomplish little, but there is an enthusiasm in fellowship for great ends which works miracles.

"We cordially invite you to make this your Church Home and to co-operate with us in the service we seek to render our community in Christ's name. The Church needs you, but not more than you need the Church. Come and help us and you will find yourself helped."

A FAREWELL RECEPTION.

A farewell reception was given last Friday evening in Park Church, Berkeley, to the Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Price, who took departure on Tuesday of this week for Tai Ming Fu, the Missionary station in North China.

Both the attendance and the addresses made by members of the church and visiting minister evidenced the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Price have been held.

Among the persons voicing the sorrow of the Church because of the severance of pastoral relations exceptionally happy, were Mr. A. T. Sutherland, who presided at the reception, Deacons Hallowell and Crews. The different church societies were represented, Mrs. H. J. Burroughs speaking for the women of the church, Mr. W. B. Kyle for the men, Mr. Leo Rogers for the young men and the Christian Endeavor Society and representatives of Murinna Club and K'namue Club for the girls and young women.

The Rev. C. R. Brown and F. L. Goodspeed, of the First Congregational and the First Presbyterian Churches, of Oakland; the Rev. H. R. Miles, of the First Congregational Church, of Berkeley; the Rev. Messrs. Whiteman and Eastman, of the Presbyterian Churches, and Mr. Arthur Arlett were among the speakers.

Park Church was heartily congratulated in that it was in this vital way to be linked with the great foreign missionary field. The thought was that the note of gladness should sound above the note of sadness because it had been given to them to have for three years the leadership and fellowship of these devoted servants of the Master and always hereafter their hearts with them in the work of uplifting the needy millions in China.

Mr. and Mrs. Price told in an impressive way how their hearts had again been drawn to the foreign work and with what joy they responded to the Divine call to give themselves once more to China. Although it is hard to break away from the loved ones here, yet it is with gladness, they said, that they go forth again. They were the recipients that evening of many gifts—tokens of affections which they can carry with them to their new home beyond the sea.

A NEW CHURCH EDIFICE TO BE BUILT AT POMONA.

Work will be commenced soon on a new house of worship for Pilgrim Church, Pomona, which will cost about \$85,000. The property now in use will sell for about \$20,000 and \$50,000 additional have already been pledged toward a new building, which will be erected on the corner of Pasadena Street and Garey Avenue. The general arrangement of a church building of cruciform plan and a Sunday School chapel connected by a cloister in front and the primary auditorium in the rear thus forming a spacious court which is raised to the floor level.

The church will be 80x128 feet in dimensions, graced by a massive tower, 24 feet square and 88 feet high. The entrance to the vestibule leads through a massive portal, which is supplemented by a cloistered entrance from Pasadena Street. Broad stairways lead to the gallery.

The main auditorium will have a seating capacity of 1150, including galleries. The ceiling, 40 feet high, will be beautifully decorated with gothic hammer beams.

The windows will be ornamented with tracery, the memorial windows with 20x28-inch transept ends will depict scenes of the Pilgrims Landing. Ample space is given to pipe organ, choir and pulpit. In the rear with a separate entrance will be choir rooms and pastor's study. The main auditorium will be finished in oak.

The Sunday School chapel including the gymnasium will be 96x126 in dimensions. The auditorium, 36x56, will be surrounded by class rooms of modern type. Additional class rooms open to the gallery.

The Sunday School is designed to accommodate 700 pupils. The parlors, 16x40, open to the Sunday School and upon the court through large French windows. Connected with the parlors and gymnasium, is a spacious kitchen, 17x29, equipped with modern facilities.

The gymnasium, planned to accommodate the Boys' Brigade, will be 40x60 feet with ceiling 20 feet high, ample toilet and locker rooms, showers, etc. The gymnasium will also be used for a banquet hall.

The primary department, 28x68, will occupy a position between the gymnasium and church building. It will have a beginners' and primary auditorium, class room, etc. It will open upon the court.

The extreme frontage of the two buildings, including cloister, will be 236 feet. The style of architecture is the late perpendicular Gothic executed in brown brick, stone trimmed, slate roof, tracery and art glass windows.

The pastor of the Pomona Church, the Rev. Albert P. Davis, is now in attendance at the National Council in Boston.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

Next Monday, at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, the Rev. A. W. Palmer, of Oakland, will give an address on the words of Ca'eb as he came into the Promised Land, "Give me this mountain." It will be concerning the challenge to the church presented by the Modern City.

AT THE NATIONAL SOCIETY MEETINGS.

This part of California sent to the National Society meetings in Boston, the following named persons: Rev. and Mrs. L. D. Rathbone, Rev. and Mrs. R. B. Cherington, Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Tenney, Rev. Miles B. Fisher, Prof. Nash, Secretaries Wikoff and Hinman, Rev. and Mrs. Walter Frear and daughter.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. D. V. and Mrs. Poling, of the Dalles Congregational Church, now stand in the shadow of a great sorrow occasioned by the death of their beloved daughter, Irene, last Sunday morning. She was born at Independence, Oregon, June 7, 1893, hence was seventeen years, three months and twenty-three days old. About three weeks ago Miss Poling was stricken with appendicitis while visiting friends in Portland. She went home and was taken to a hospital and was operated upon September 27th, and an early recovery was looked for. Three days later, however, her condition became critical, and the end came early on October 2nd. Miss Poling was greatly beloved by all who knew her, and she stood at the entrance of a life of

great usefulness. She brought a wealth of sunshine and happiness into the lives of many, during her short life, and her nobility of character has left a deep and abiding impression upon the people of all ages with whom she came in contact. She was a member of her father's choir, and gave promise of developing unusual ability as a singer.

No death in The Dalles for many years has occasioned such universal sorrow as that of Miss Poling. Her funeral occurred on October 3rd several churches of the city uniting in the service. Rev. W. C. Kantner, D. D., of the University Park Congregational Church, Portland, an intimate friend of the family for more than a score of years, preached the funeral discourse.

A memorial service in honor of the late Harvey Whitefield Scott, editor of the Oregonian for more than forty years, was held at Pacific University, on the 29th ult., and was largely attended. Mr. Scott was the first alumnus of that institution.

Rev. George W. Hinman, Secretary of the American Missionary Association for the Pacific Coast, with headquarters at San Francisco, spent a day in this city, while on his way to attend the Annual Conference of the Congregational Churches of the State of Washington, September 19th to 21st, and on the 25th he occupied the pulpit of the Portland First Church, and made an excellent address in presenting the claims of his Society.

Portland, October 9th, 1910.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Rev. R. B. F. Clarke, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Avenue, Seattle.

A Missionary Farewell.

A very inspiring farewell meeting was held in Plymouth church, Seattle, recently, when the nearer Congregational churches of the city united with Plymouth church in bidding five missionaries Godspeed. Dr. Strong of the Queen Anne church gave an address of welcome, Dr. E. L. Smith gave the farewell address and read a letter from Secretary Patton expressing the board's appreciation of the service. The next day the missionary party sailed on the Minnesota. Seattle is becoming increasingly a point of departure for missionaries of several denominations and our churches are strengthened thereby. In the company were Mrs. Ament, widow of Dr. William Ament, who is returning to the scenes of their labors and their sufferings during the Boxer uprising. Rev. and Mrs. Harry B. Martinare to take up Dr. Ament's work and reside in his house. Miss Ruth Mulliken, Miss Grace McConnaughey, and Miss Edith M. Wells, who goes in the interest of the Y. W. C. A., are new recruits. C. J. King completed the number, going to help in a missionary family. Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Tyler were under commission, but owing to the severe illness of Mr. Tyler, who is in the Seattle General hospital, their departure is delayed.

Seattle will be well represented at the Denominational meetings in Boston, Dr. Van Horn, Dr. E. L. Smith, Superintendents Scudder and Gale, Dr. Greenland, Mr. W. H. Lewis, President of the Brotherhood, have all started. Rev. R. C. Brooks and Prof. L. F. Anderson of Walla Walla and Dr. House of Spokane are also in attendance. Dr. and Mrs. Greene will spend the winter in Florida, visiting California in the spring and returning to Seattle about April. Work on the Beacon Hill church progresses. Most of the churches report encouraging prospects for the winter. Columbia starts

a prayer meeting for the Sunday school teachers at 9:30 Sunday mornings, and the teachers attend! New pupils in the school and absentees returning are hopeful signs, the Endeavor society is also showing signs of quickening, and unusually large audiences greeted Mr. Weage on his return from vacation. A very enjoyable reception also awaited Mr. and Mrs. Weage. During his eight years at Columbia 196 have united with the church of whom 114 came by confession. Six united with the Green Lake church October 2.

Anacortes—Rev. C. A. Dolph writes that the account of Rev. David H. Reid's work in Anacortes recently printed in the Pacific does not do either him or the local workers justice. Mr. Reid gave the account to the writer and in his natural modesty made light of his part. It seems that the converts gathered by him and the local workers were not the result of Evangelist Osborn's meetings, which were held in an entirely different part of the town, and did not affect our church at all, the eleven received into membership were the result of Mr. Reid's preaching and personal work on the part of his helpers from the local church, of whom, doubtless, Rev. C. A. Dolph was one of the most earnest. The writer has on several occasions found that Mr. Reid is blessed with a refreshing modesty. We make the above correction gladly for Mr. Reid is one of the forces in our State. Wherever he goes his work is blessed and the results are permanent. Since the last account the Anacortes church has organized a Christian Endeavor society, now numbering twenty, and it is a great assistance to the church. The church is meeting its financial obligations splendidly and the future looks bright.

Juvenile Work.

(The following which is the report of the Superintendent of Juvenile Work presented at the Woman's Board meeting at Spokane, September 22nd, will indicate the ways in which our Sunday schools and Juvenile Endeavor societies may help in the home and foreign work.)

But Jesus called them unto Him and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The mission boards of our country are trying to obey this our Savior's command and suffer the little ones of all nations to come unto Him. In order to do this to the best advantage each State is given its own field to work, not only in the support of its missionaries, but likewise in its work with the children. Each State is thus like a family, responsible for its own, and when it neglects them and gives instead to other fields it is like a father supplying his neighbor's children with bread while his own go hungry. "This ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone."

Let us imagine a big wheel, calling the world the rim of the wheel, the hub the mission boards and the spokes the Sunday schools, those which the mission boards send help to various parts of the world.

Our first spoke touches Southeast India, at Aruppukottai, the largest station in the Madura district, and one of the largest stations under the American board. Here we are supporting fifteen girls and boys in a mission school. Some of them orphans, some coming from high caste families, many doing nobly in their work, others not so well, but all receiving the influence of a Christian home and Christian training and thus becoming a leaven for the regeneration of India. These children highly prize the Sunday school cards sent them each year and we this year sent them two boxes of gifts and cards valued at about \$30.

The freight on these boxes is no small item for the mission board, and I wonder if there is not some one who would be glad to be responsible for this expense from year to year.

Our next spoke goes to Foochow, China, to a kindergarten crowded with little tots who are so happy there and so anxious to come that their homes are made miserable if for any reason they are kept at home a day. The kindergarten is at present under the care of native teachers, trained by our own Miss Brown, sent out from Roy many years ago, and now at her brother's home in the East, completely broken in health. Another kindergartner is needed to take her place and many are wishing that she may come from our own State. Who will answer the call? We in this State are responsible for the support of this kindergarten to the amount of \$300. Will you help?

Let us now turn the wheel around to the opposite side—to a spoke in our own land. Here in the Sunny South is a girl school placed in the midst of the densest of ignorance where we are educating a little motherless girl, one of the brightest and dearest of little girls though her skin is not white. It takes but \$72 a year to support our little Nellie and keep her in school, thus preparing a light for the future in that dark region. Some Sunday schools and a few Junior Endeavor societies have each taken a month's support, which is six dollars for the twelve months, but all the months are not yet provided for. Have you done your share?

Our fourth and last spoke extends to our most northern country—Alaska, to its most western point, Cape Prince of Wales. Here is an interesting work, carried on by one who for the love of Him who died for all, gives up his all, leaving wife and children in the far East, and going to these little fur-clad people of the north whom he so dearly loves. Fifty dollars is the cost of this spoke. Have you helped?

"Jesus saith unto Peter: Lovest thou me? He saith unto Him, yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, feed my lambs."

MAE BIXLEY,
State Juvenile Superintendent.

Sylvan, Wash.

Note: All money for the foreign work should be sent to Mrs. Everett Smith, 1533 18th avenue, Seattle; and all other gifts to Mrs. E. B. Bierwell, 1421 Aloha street, Seattle.

JAPANESE AND ANGLO-SAXON MARRIAGES.

The laws of the State of Washington permit them, but county officials in Seattle are inclined to go contrary to the law and make it extremely difficult for the parties to get licenses. The Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong, of the Queen Anne Congregational Church, protests as follows, in the Post-Intelligencer:

"Please permit me to voice a protest against the practical refusal of our county officials to grant licenses for marriage where one party is Japanese and the other Anglo-Saxon. These officials are evidently not seeking to act according to law and custom, but to please themselves or what they believe is public sentiment.

"All this can not be taken except as an insult to the Japanese. I am wondering how long we are going to keep this up. Nearly all American citizens, who are at once intelligent and fair-minded, know the Japanese to be a high-spirited, sensitive, bright people. Their nation is now on the accredited list of civilized nations. They have heritage and culture, and have shown ability to put them on the level with the leading nations of the world.

"Not only is it impolite, but it is a sign of ignorance.

besides being unjust and un-Christian, to manifest to the Japanese within our borders the spirit that is behind so many of our anti-Japanese acts and words.

"I am not arguing for international marriages, only for a return to good American, common sense and justice.

"I will say, however, that where two people of equal intelligence and moral purpose, though of different nationalities, desire to marry, there is nothing in nature's or in God's law to prohibit. Personally, I have no doubt that in 50 or 100 or 200 years the children of the East and of the West will mingle freely in marriage. I am not, by this, saying that I favor such intermarrying, merely that the forces that shape human life on this earth are moving to that end. What I ask in our citizens is that those who oppose such marriages do it in a fair and uninsulting manner.

"Last night I was in one of the most refined and beautiful homes in all our city. The parlors were filled mostly with young Japanese Christian men and women. It would be difficult to duplicate as refined and well-behaved a body of young people. They spoke of their Christian faith.

"We should judge a nation by its best product. The plain duty before our good citizens is to treat the Japanese with Christian courtesy. We cannot afford either for our own sakes or for the sake of the civilization of the world to insult them.

"Seattle has a mission to rightly interpret the Orient to the rest of the country. There is involved in our attitude much commercial, political, as well as moral welfare,"

AN EXPERIENCE.

A Pasadena woman tells in the Christian Science Sentinel the way in which she learned that God saves from physical danger and fear. We quote as follows:

"Soon after becoming interested in Christian Science, I was in a 'hold-up,' while on a trip into the Yosemite Valley. As we were driving along we saw a group of people a little distance away, and thought it a picnic party, and when we caught a glimpse of a stage, we supposed the people had gotten out for some break to be repaired. It was not until we had rounded a corner and came down to the party that any one had an inkling of what was the real state of affairs, as we could see then that the stages were empty and that the people were standing in a line with their hands above their heads.

"Just then, the robber approached our stage, and by that time I had begun to realize that God's care and protection were just as available there as if I were in what might seem a safer place, and to repeat the "scientific statement of being," as given in our text-book (Science and Health, p. 463): The robber said, 'You need not hold up your hands' (involuntarily we had raised them), and after a few remarks left our party and turned his attention to the fifth stage, which was then coming up, all the occupants being required to dismount and go and stand in line. Although his attention was called to the fact that we were not standing in line, he did not notice the remark or pay any further attention to us, although some of the stages were searched a second time. The heat was intense, and to stand for over an hour with nothing to shield one from the sun with arms held high in the air, presented quite a contrast to sitting with an umbrella over one's head. When we were allowed to proceed, our stage, as it had the lighter load, was sent ahead in order to get word to the sheriff as soon as possible, and the horses were driven at the top of their speed down the long steep grades

and only allowed to walk a little on the up grades. I felt no fear at the time, nor after we reached our destination, and had a restful sleep that night. This demonstration seemed as wonderful as the first, for I had always been afraid to ride in dangerous places and had invariably suffered from a disturbed state of thought for a long time after any experience in which there had been seeming danger.

"In all this I learned that God does save us from our fears as well as from all physical danger. I had always been taught that God was omnipotent, but that teaching did not seem to be particularly helpful, because I thought, according to the teaching of the churches, that 't might be His good pleasure that we should suffer; so, if one asked for help, there was no certainty of receiving it. Now, through the teaching of Christian Science, I know at all times and under all circumstances. It is ours to adore Him for His boundless love, and to be ever grateful to our beloved leader, Mrs. Eddy, who has brought within reach of all the understanding of the truth as it was taught by Christ Jesus."

This is a very interesting experience. Christian Science undoubtedly has helped this Pasadena woman—Mrs. H. S. Lukens,—as it has helped many others. But in this, as in so many cases, there is nothing that cannot be explained without resort to Christian Science.

The Home.

A WORD OF APPROVAL.

Give me a word of approval. I've tried to be good and true.

I am weary and sick of heart at the way my critics do. I've given my life for others, have always opposed the wrong;

I've tried to lift up the fallen. I have cheered the jostling throng.

Give me a word of approval, ere the setting of the sun. I have a sort of misgiving that my race is nearly run; Have felt the spirit of kindness and the thrill of glowing truth,

And love the good old honest way as I loved it in my youth.

Give me a word of approval as my mother used to give. When I was a bit of a boy just learning the way to live. My soul responds as readily to sweet words in kindness said As in early childhood days to the prayer beside my bed.

Give me a word of approval, for my eyes are growing dim, For the way is much rougher now and I'm not so fleet of limb

As in the hopeful boyhood days when I cleared the vaulting pole,

For I am in the final race with my eye upon the goal.

Give me a word of approval: it may be the last to me, For the winter days are coming; the frost is stripping the tree

And the chilly winds are blowing; the corn is ripe in the ear;

I await the house of quiet and the crossing must be near.

SIMPLICITY IN LIVING.

By Jean M. Hutchinson.

I should like to make a plea for simplicity in living, as well as simplicity of heart and faith; to preach a bit of a sermon to myself as well as to others. I am sure that we all feel that life nowadays is too intense and strained. Are we not many of us stretching every nerve in order to equal, nay even to surpass others in material things.

No doubt the natural element of competition is a valuable thing in its way and acts as a spur to our higher ambitions, as well as the more ignoble ones. But when people of moderate means spend their lives in a vain effort to live, dress, and entertain as well as their wealthy neighbors, it seems a sad waste of energy. They might spend their thoughts and efforts in so many wiser directions.

Why can we not be contented with simple furnishings, modest curtains at the window, and domestic rugs, rather than Turkish and Daghestans? Must all our china be imported because the lady next door sets her table with Limoges? May we not give an unpretentious tea, which will radiate kindness and courtesy, although we cannot afford a formal reception with orchids and roses, and hired musicians? Can we not content ourselves with last year's fashions now and then and spend our extra money in some line of self-improvement or philanthropic work for others? I think that the people who will judge us by our clothes and the display we make are scarcely worth striving to retain as friends anyway. If we could only realize how infinitely happier and richer we should make our lives by spending our odd pennies for good books, or a course of study or lectures, we should refrain from throwing them away on changing fashions—simply to impress our neighbors. It is the inward life of thought and soul which constitutes real happiness, which makes existence a delight. Naturally intercourse with congenial minds is a mighty factor in happiness, too, and we are more likely to find interesting friends in the spheres of thought and study. People who are continually in search of the latest thing do not usually have much else in their lives besides "the latest thing."

Did you ever go into one of the large and elegant shops on a fashionable street and notice the mental atmosphere which pervades the place and the people? An air of blase indifference and contemptuous condescension is on every hand. It seems like a deadly miasma which spreads from a fashionable and bored "four hundred" who frequent the place, even down to the clerks and errand girls. Then visit one of the more modest stores, and what a difference you find! Every one is smiling, jokes and jests fly about, the clerks lack that air of haughty condescension which distinguishes the more fashionable shop, and the shoppers seem to be enjoying life. At a still more democratic store the people are in even greater state of delight and jollity. In the elegant store the smart set are, some of them, satiated with money and pleasure; the others, I think, adopt that bored and indifferent air, thinking it typical of wealth and elegance. In the cheapest store the poorer people are out for an infrequent holiday and enjoy it to the best of their ability.

This seems to be a small proof that joy does not increase in a direct ratio with our possessions. I have often noticed on my way through the more modest neighborhoods of either city or country that the people seem merrier and more frankly to enjoy the little they have than do

their more fortunate neighbors. Evidently the constant effort to do the "correct thing" does not make people either spontaneous or merry. It may be that the poorer people, and they of the simple tastes, are the happiest after all. Certainly there are many pleasures which they of the long purses cannot appreciate; for instance, the delight of making over last year's gown or hat to look like new, or that of picking up on the bargain counter a dollar article at fifty cents.

I sometimes wonder that we have strayed so far from nature's simplicity. After all our boast of civilization, has it not its disadvantages as well as its benefits? Are not children and animals more natural and simple, and therefore more happy than we? Children, and some of the simpler more child-like races, like the Africans, are noted for taking no anxious thought for the morrow, and their light-hearted joy is a lesson to people of higher intelligence. If we would cultivate a simple faith it seems to me we should be a hundred times happier and healthier.

One day as I walked through a poor neighborhood I saw a tiny girl seated on a door-step. She had shabby clothing and a pale, thin, little face. But she clasped a bunch of violets in her hand, and as she sat there looking down at the flowers her face grew fairly radiant with happiness. I shall not soon forget the smile of utter delight which flashed across her sad little face as she answered some remark I made about her flowers. She evidently had forgotten all about her poor clothes and lack of toys when she looked at the precious violets. It seems to me that if we, too, can cultivate a childlike heart the world will be rejuvenated for us and we shall find our joy in the myriad of beautiful things which nature spreads for our delight. There are so many simple pleasures on every hand; simple, but immeasurably more beautiful than the worldly delights. We may not possess imported rugs, but for us nature spreads a carpet of grass and bluets. Great paintings may not adorn our walls, but in the window glows a marvelous picture of hills and blossoms and distant river. We may not own jeweled lamps, but for us shine the sunset light and the thousand lamps of the stars. We may not own expensive musical instruments with their tones of rich sweetness, but for us the birds sing their morning hymns; and the breeze and brook, the rustling leaves and grasses, and the sweet voices of children join in a far lovelier melody.

A simple faith, it seems to me, is the touchstone without which we can never fully enjoy life. Faith will remove our worries and brighten the future, be it ever so uncertain. Then, "let us not burden our remembrance with a heaviness that's gone," and let us trust that He who doth the ravens feed, yea, providently caters for the sparrow, will be a comfort to our age."—N. Y. Observer.

EVERYDAY LOVE.

"I love thee to the level of every day's most quiet needs," writes Mrs. Browning. At first thought that may not sound a very fervent protestation of affection, but, after all, it is the level, everyday love that alone makes earth a comfortable place to dwell in. There are those who would give life, if necessary, to rescue dear ones in danger, would spend the last dollar for them if they were in need, would overwhelm them with ministrations if they were ill, but who take small account of daily needs. The

gentle courtesy that covers mistakes, the thoughtfulness that so lightens the burdens of care, the sweet words of praise that brighten the eye and make the tired hands strong again—all these are omitted, and too often fretfulness, carelessness, and selfish disregard of feelings and wishes take their place. Love is strong as ever, and any extraordinary demand would show its power, but the extraordinary times are few while the every day needs are many. Love that would make heroic sacrifices for us we seldom require, but the love that infolds, and cares, and gladdens every day, is the love that lights the world for us.—Forward.

THE WEAR AND TEAR.

It isn't my work that bothers me; it's the extras.

It isn't what I have decided I ought to do in my life, but what other people think I ought to do.

It isn't the routine, but the unexpected.

I could sing under my burden, but it is hard to sing under other folks' burdens.

I go with a rejoicing heart to my chosen recreation, but with a heavy heart to the "amusement" that fashion or even friendship picks out for me.

I can work indefinitely when there is no lash, but under the lash I fall in an hour.

My idea of heaven is that I shall be allowed to do the things that I can do best, and that therefore I best like to do, and shall have time enough to do them without feeling rushed.

And I have decided to obey my own conscience and not other people's idea of what my conscience ought to be.

I have decided to do one duty at a time.

I have decided to select the recreations that re-create me, and not those that re-create other folks and that therefore they thing ought to re-create me.

I have decided to live my own life, since no one else will live it.

I have decided to listen carefully to all the good advice given me, accept it when it commends itself to my judgment and conscience, and when it does not, forget it and not let it worry me.

I have decided to refuse the tasks that cannot be done well, and to remember that well-doing means serene doing.

I shall not let myself be hurried.

I shall not let myself be harried.

I shall not let myself be worried.

And I am perfectly sure that thus I shall best please my friends in the end, and best serve the world.—Caleb Cobweb, in Christian Endeavor World.

Our Young People

JOHN'S LOT.

John's blue eyes stared out the back window of the long room wherein he spent the greater part of his life. Beside the boy, propped against the window, was a pair of crutches which told why John lived in the large room. But there was nothing sad in the blue eyes, only a great eagerness, and a rush of red blood surged into the little cripple's pinched face. John was looking at his lot.

"It's my very own. I can do what I please with it and mother won't mind," he said. Then crossing the room with the help of crutches he picked up a bell on the table and rang it, as he always did when he happened to be left alone and wanted something, and he did want something right away.

His nurse, Mary Ann, answered the bell. "Well, and what do you want this morning?" she asked.

"I want to talk to mother," said John. "Will you please ask her to come up as soon as she has time?"

When John's mother appeared, she kissed her boy and sat down beside him—such a beautiful, strong, young mother. Then they had an earnest talk, and John told her that a boy friend had said that the idea of a playground of the school children had been abandoned because of insufficient funds. Then he and his mother had a delightful secret. "You'll send word to Fielder to come and bring some others, enough to form a committee," said John, his eyes shining. "I want to see them as soon as possible after school. Let him know it's business, mother." After his mother had left the room, back to the window went the little fellow as quickly as his crutches would take him, and that was faster than many boys could run.

A quarter of an hour after school time Fielder and four other boys came into John's room.

"Well, Buster, what's up?" asked Fielder.

John shook hands all around. "It's something fine," he said, answering Fielder's question. "You know I have a lot."

"You old millionaire, you!" said Fielder.

"Come all of you and look at it," said John. He shook his small fist playfully at his friend for calling him a millionaire. "What do you think it'll make?" Before anybody answered, the little cripple cried out: "A playground for the school children, that's what I think, and mother says it's all right. You're to be the committee."

You should have seen that committee, big boys, too, jumping for joy. You should have heard the happy shout that echoed through John's room!

"You're to look after everything and I'm to foot the bills. Mother says it's all right, and nobody else is to know anything about it until it's finished."

The committee went to work with a will, you may be sure. John watched operations from the window. All sorts of arrangements for sport were to be in that playground. John's parents were interested, and the committee was bidden to go ahead and not to spare expense.

Then one day when all was finished the little cripple watched the opening exercises of the playground. The school trustees, many people of the town and all the school children were present.

"I'll never get lonesome any more, mother," he said, his blue eyes turning from the crowd below and resting on his strong, young mother's face. "I wish every cripple boy in the world owned a lot such as mine and could turn it into a playground."

Suddenly two hands were clasped over the blue eyes. "You millionaire, you, who am I?"

It was Fielder, of course. With him were the other four boys.

"The committee," said Fielder, "has come to carry the president of the playground all around his lot; my turn is first," and the next minute John was on a broad shoulder, descending the stairs in a hurry.

The young mother kept her place at the window. She heard the wild hurrahs that greeted her boy and followed him all about his lot, and she thought, with happy tears, "God might have given me a stronger son, but he has given me a boy who thinks of others as well as himself, and I am proud of the good times he has planned for his friends and schoolmates."

Three rousing cheers came up to the window; they were

for the president of the playground, seated on a strong boy's shoulder.—Louise R. Baker, in the Morning Star.

LITTLE PRINCE BAREFOOT.

Into the glorious radiance of the great cathedral, along with the proud, richly-dressed throng, passed Little Prince Barefoot, the proudest and richest of them all.

What did he care that his jacket was ragged or that his poor bare feet were blue with the cold? He was not thinking of these things at all. He was thinking how rich he was; in the possession of the tiny blue card, which he clutched tightly in his hand, as though fearing some mischievous elf might spirit it away. And no more dreadful calamity could have happened to the little newsboy, for that little slip of paper, was the outcome of a whole month's careful earnings, the open-sesame to the one thing for which his child's soul had starved, ever since he could remember. He did not notice how coldly the hurrying crowd brushed by him, nor how reluctantly the haughty usher received his card, looking askance at the thinly-clad figure, as though he questioned his right to be there and finally assigned him to a seat in the rear-most pew of the temple.

Little Prince Barefoot had no thought for any of these things; his mind and heart were filled with wild ecstatic dreams of the music that would presently fill the temple. Oftentimes he had listened to the faint far-away echoes of beautiful anthems that had issued from behind the closed door on a Sabbath morn; but he had never dared to enter; and now that he was at last to gratify the intense longing of his child's nature—nothing else mattered.

His little companions had failed to understand his strange passion for music as they had failed to understand other traits which somehow made him different from the rest of them and so, because of his quaint, imperious ways, which had nevertheless endeared him to the heart of every newsboy, they had dubbed him the Little Prince Barefoot; and while they spent their savings for a rousing Christmas dinner, Little Prince Barefoot had been content with a couple of buns and a glass of milk, that he might buy a ticket to the children's cantata which would be given that night in the most magnificent church in Brooklyn.

The organ was beginning to play softly as he entered. The low tones trembled and vibrated with emotion through the solemn stillness, then suddenly burst into a full, rich crescendo of sound that echoed in volume from every dome, and at a sign from the choir-master, hundreds of children's voices took up the glad refrain,

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

Little Prince Barefoot thought the white-robed throng must surely be angels, and in his excited glee at the angelic sweetness of their voices, he sprang to his feet and leaned far out into the aisle. His face illumined, his long, yellow curls fell about his slender form, and all unconscious of the pretty picture he made, the little street waif seemed transformed into an angel of innocent beauty. He stretched out his arms appealingly to the children, as though he longed to be among them, but dropped them quickly to his side again as he remembered his ragged clothes and bare feet.

He sobbed aloud in his loneliness and grief, "Oh, why must he be shut out from all the warmth and love that come to other children?"

They were singing softly now—singing of the lowly Christ child and as he listened, the feeling of loneliness melted away and a strange sweet peace crept into his heart.

His tears ceased, and once more he looked up into the faces of the children before him—a glad holy light shining in his eyes.

And still the happy children sang and many a heart besides Little Prince Barefoot's was touched by the beautiful caroling. But after a time the large chorus ceased and out from their midst came a little child, scarcely more than a baby, and lifting her wee voice in the silence sang the old, ever-new story:

"Oh little town of Bethlehem

How still we see thee lie;

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep

It seemed to Little Prince Barefoot as though he had always known the words, they mingled in his dreams with a face that bent over his cradle in babyhood, the one dim vision of his mother that he could recall.

The vast audience sat wrapped in thought, as the clear, childish voice sang on. Perhaps they were thinking of another Babe, to whom they had given no place in their lives and in this holy hour perchance they hastened to lay at the foot of their rightful King the gold, frankincense and myrrh, of their proud hearts.

But their solemn reveries were destined to-night to have a rude awakening; for suddenly, high over the heads of the children a tall Christmas taper which lighted the altar, wavered and fell from its place, igniting the green festooning suspended between the massive pillars, directly above the head of the little girl who was singing, all unconscious of her danger.

Almost before any one else had realized what had happened, Little Prince Barefoot had fled down the aisle, scaled the tall pillar, and tearing down the blazing evergreen from its place flung it far over the heads of the frightened children, down upon the marble floor below, where the flames were quickly extinguished.

Kindly hands received the little hero as he slipped half fainting to the floor. The mother of the little girl, who had been so near the fatal fire, crushed him almost fiercely to her bosom, crying: "Oh, my darling boy, my brave boy. How can I ever repay you? Tell me what you would like more than anything else in the world and you shall have it."

Raising his grave eyes to her face, Little Prince Barefoot said earnestly. "I would like—more than anything else in the world—to sing."

"Then you shall, my child. I am rich. I will take you to the best masters of the day. You shall have every advantage which money can procure. But where is your mother? I must see her first. You shall take me home with you. Where do you live?"

"On the street, mostly. My mother is dead."

No home, no mother. She glanced down at the bare, cold feet.

"Why, child, you are half frozen. You shall come home with me. Yes, you shall be my son. And one of these days you shall come and sing in the temple here. Would you like that?"

Again the wide blue eyes looked into hers. "I would like better to sing for the poor, who can't buy a ticket to the temple; there are so many of them."

"You shall have your wish, my noble hearted boy. Oh, I see now how utterly selfish I have been. But I will atone. I thank God it is not too late." And so she did.

In after years when the whole city rang with praises of the sweet tenor voice breathing its message of peace and good-will toward men, the kind-hearted singer was found to be none other than Little Prince Barefoot, now grown to manhood, the pride and joy of his foster mother and a blessing to the poor wherever he found them.—Ex.

LIVING IN AN UNREAL WORLD.

By Martha Clark Rankin.

It was on a Pullman car between Boston and New York that a father asked his daughter the name of the river near which they were running. "I'm sure I don't know," was the indifferent answer of the stylishly-dressed girl of 18 or 20, who had been spending her time over a magazine.

"Pshaw, Marion! you must know," the father insisted with something of irritation in his tone, "after all the money I've spent on your education. Didn't you ever study geography?"

"Oh, of course!" said Marion, endeavoring to rise to the occasion; "it's the Hudson." Then seeing from her father's face that she had blundered, she continued: "Of course we studied geography, but it was so stupid that I never remembered any of it."

"Well," said her father, "considering that you have been abroad twice and are just starting for a winter on the Nile, I think it's about time that you knew something of your native land." And with the help of his map in his timetable, he proceeded to give his daughter a practical lesson in geography.

A mother who had overheard the conversation turned to her daughter, a bright-looking girl of about 16, and asked the same question. "O mother darling," was the response as the girl glanced up from the novel she had been absorbed, "I haven't the vaguest idea. That sort of thing never interests me."

"But don't you know what State you are in?" continued the mother.

"Why, Massachusetts, of course," was the reply, "for it can't be New York yet."

"And do you think your whole route is in those two states?" persisted the mother.

"Why, yes. Or, at least, I never thought anything about it," and she returned to her novel and the mother said no more.

The observer who had listened to these two bits of conversation in surprise, fell to wondering whether such indifference to the rivers, lakes and mountains along their route is general among the bright girls who travel so freely over our beautiful land. Are these two girls exceptional? When all is said, is not their ignorance and indifference really more reprehensible than that of the poor who have had no opportunities of travel? Let us take two contrasted lives and see how they compare. One belongs to the class which in the South used to be called "poor whites," the other to the class of many opportunities and abundant means which was represented by the two ignorant and uninterested travelers whom I have already pictured.

Not a hundred miles from New York there lives a poor woman whose front door looks out upon the main line of one of the greatest railroads in the country. She has lived there and seen the passing trains for more than fifty years, and yet has never been on board of one of them. Just beyond her home the scenery is of wonderful variety

and beauty, but she has never had more than a glimpse of it. Extreme poverty has been her unflinching portion.

As a child she never went to school because she had to take care of the younger children while the mother was away at work. As a woman she had to care for her own children. She can neither read nor write and cannot even tell the time.

Her only recreation is a walk in the neighboring village to do her "trading," her only outing the rare occasion when the death of a relative gives her a carriage ride to the cemetery. Yet in spite of her dull, uninterested, vacant face, she does enjoy, in an unconscious sort of way, the mountains and the rivers which she sees as she comes and goes, and would miss them sadly if she moved away. Her life is bare enough, but its bareness is the direct result of poverty and ignorance.

The other is a young woman whose experiences of life have been entirely those of wealth and luxury. She never earned a dollar in her life, and would, I fear, consider the suggestion that she should as an indignity. She would look upon this other poor woman with disgust and a lurking wonder whether there was anything in common between them save a bare humanity. Brought up in a beautiful city home (with a summer cottage at the seashore for variety), she has had every advantage of education and culture and is familiar with many of the large cities of this and other countries.

Not long ago she might have been seen, dressed with the perfect taste of costly simplicity, seated in a parlor car absorbed in the latest "best seller." It was autumn, and she was traveling by the side of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, in a year and week when the foliage was of unusual brilliance and variety. Arrived at her destination, her hostess asked if she had not enjoyed the river.

"River!" she answered somewhat vaguely. "Was there a river? Do you know I never see a thing when I travel. I just read the whole time. And I never look out of the window. I never think of it, don't you know? because I'm always so excited over my story and so crazy to know how everything's coming out."

Are many of our modern girls so absorbed in the unreal world of fiction that they have lost interest in the real world in which they live? Are Pullman-car girls, with their novels, their magazines and their general air of high-bred indifference, more ignorant in these respects than their less wealthy sisters?

The observer would really like to know.—The Interior.

WHERE BIRDS GO AT NIGHT.

Children often ask where all the birds go at night. It would seem to one not familiar with bird life that many of our feathered visitors find difficulty in securing suitable places in which to spend the night, says the New York World.

An observer will notice that birds become quite active as twilight ap-

proaches. Many kinds, such as black-birds and crows, have regular haunts, and as the sun nears the western horizon thousands of these birds may be seen flying in great flocks toward a certain orchard or grove. Many select a lonely hollow, while others will select some large lawn where shade trees stand.

Crows often select a dark, deep hollow with trees and bushes on all sides, where they form a sort of rookery. They like dead trees to roost on, and in some places they visit certain spots until their continued occupancy kills many of the trees.

Crows and blackbirds are quiet during the dark hours if unmolested, but occasionally some enemy besides the human hunter will disturb them, and there is a general chatter and flutter of wings. A hungry owl or a cat with some of its wild nature still remaining will frequently visit such a place, and of course has no trouble in obtaining a meal. Such a visitor often disturbs those near, and the frightened birds will flutter and fly away in the darkness to seek another roosting place.

Swallows after a day spent in skimming the air and catching hundreds of insects, will seek a roosting place at night. The chimney swift will soar and dart until after sunset and then, suddenly dive into some chimney. The birds have very sharp-pointed claws and cling on the sides of the sooty flues. Old or unoccupied factory smoke stacks make excellent places for the chimney swallows to roost in vast numbers.

In early spring before robins begin to nest, these birds gather in large numbers in some group of trees or grove, where they sing until almost dark, and then they remain quiet until the first signs of day, when they break forth in song, filling the air with the sweetest of music. As soon as they begin nesting each pair seeks a sheltered roosting place near the spot selected to raise their brood. After the first egg is deposited in the nest and until the young birds are able to leave, one of the robins remain on the nest while the other sits near on some limb. When the young birds can fly the parents induce them to go with them to some protected thicket or sheltered location.

Many birds roost upon the ground. All sorts of places are chosen. Quail sit in a circle with their heads out, always ready to fly if disturbed. They have been sitting in such a position in daylight. Many small birds roost in large weeds, and others select a tuft of grass in which to spend the dark hours. Other birds build their nests on the ground in pastures and meadows, and while the mother bird is hatching and caring for the brood the male bird is always near at hand on the alert or gathering grubs or insects for the little ones. At night the male bird remains near the nest, and in some instances both parents sit on the little nest.

A few birds that prey upon others and destroy both birds and eggs, remain wide awake all night and fly about, doing all the harm they can. Some birds sing at night, but most of them remain silent.—The Presbyterian.

**MILLS COLLEGE.
EASTERN SUBURBS OF OAKLAND**

CALIFORNIA.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full collegiate courses leading to degrees. Entrance and graduation requirements equivalent to those of Stanford and University of California. For one year only, last class of Seminary Department, offering preparation for any college, will be continued. Special opportunities for music, art, library study, and home economics. Christian, but non-sectarian. Extensive and beautiful grounds and buildings. Fall Semester opens August 17, 1910. For catalogue address President

LUELLA CLAY CARSON, LL. D.,
Mills College P. O., California.

Free Kindergarten Normal School

of the

Golden Gate Kindergarten Association

Accredited by State Board of Education.

The 19th year begins in July and the Kindergarten reopens this year, July 25.

Miss Virginia Fitch, President.

Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal

Address: 1617 California St., Room 7,
San Francisco, Cal.

"OUR TOTAL CHRISTIANITY"

—By—

REV. CHARLES R. BROWN

Pastor First Congregational Church

Oakland, California

Price 30 cents.

Single sermons, pamphlet form, uniform size, 12 each by mail.

WOOD & COWDREY

Publishers and Agents

876 Broadway, - - - Oakland, Cal.

Price List Sent Upon Request

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

—Located at—

Berkeley, Seat of the University of

California.

Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low. Year opens August 23, 1910. Address President,

J. K. McLEAN, D.D.

JUST A LITTLE BETTER

**San Francisco
Overland Limited**

SOUTHERN PACIFIC—UNION PACIFIC

Ticket Offices:

Flood Building, 422 Powell

Market Street Ferry Depot

Broadway and 13th Sts, Oakland

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

—Dealers in—

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan,

San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street,

Los Angeles, Cal.

"Mamma." said little Ethel, with a discouraged look on her face, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, my dearie, what's the matter?" the mother gently inquired. "'Cause it ain't no use at all. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words on me all the time."—Success Magazine.

POMONA COLLEGE

Claremont, Cal.

JAMES A. BLAISDELL, D.D., President

A Christian College for young men and women. Courses leading to the degree of B. A. or B. S.

Schools of Music and of Art.

For catalogue, etc., address,

Edwin C. Norton, Ph.D., Dean

THE CATHARINE

1589 Sacramento Street

MRS. KATE S. HART, PROPRIETOR

Formerly manager of the Ramona, a quiet, home-like house. Rooms have buffet kitchens, where persons can do light housekeeping. Hot water day and night. From Third and Townsend take Ellis street cars and transfer at Lakin. From Ferry take Sacramento St. cars.